But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not know, what all, but he do know,
And as he erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignity,
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is loue ſaid to be a childe,
Becauſe in choiſe he is oft beguilde,
As waggiſh boyes in game themſelues forſweare;
So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where.
For ere *Detremius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,
He haild downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when his haile, ſome heate from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolu'd, and ſhowres of oathes did melt,
I will go tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Purſue her; and for this intelligence,
If I haue thanks, it is a deare expence:
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weauer, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, & Starueling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according the ſcrippe.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowle of euery mans name, which is thoght fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, before the Duke & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night,

Bot. Firſt good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and ſo grow to a po..t.

Quince.

Quin. Marry our play
and moſt cruell death of
Bot. A very good peec
ry. Now good *Peter Quin*
ſcrowle. Maſters ſpread y
Quin. Anſwer as I call
Bot. Ready; name wha
Quin. You *Nick Botton*
Bot. What is *Pyramus*
Quin. A louer that kils
Bot. That will aske ſo
of it, if I doe it, let the au
moue ſtormes; I will con
yet, my chiefe humour is
rarely, or a part to teare a
Rocks; and ſhiuering ſh
ſon gates, and *Phibbus* ca
and marre the fooliſh Fa
the reſt of the players. Th
a louer is more condolin
Quin. Francis Flute the
Flu. Heere *Peter Quinc*
Quin. You muſt take
Flu. What is *Thisby*? a
Quin. It is the Lady th
Fl. Nay faith, let not m
Quin. That's al one, yo
may ſpeake as ſmall as yo
Bot. And I may hide
ſpeake in a monſtrous lit
mus my louer deare, thy
Quin. No no, you muſt
Bot. Well, proceed.
Star. Heere *Peter Qui*
Qu. Robin Starueling, y